A POETICAL FRAGMENT.

IN PRAISE OF NATURE'S HEALING AND ABSORBING POWERS.

DISEASE, at firſt, ſprung from her parent *Vice*,
And hence the HEALING ART deriv'd it's riſe:
Bleſt Art! whoſe power diſpels our pain, and ſaves
From pining ſickneſs, and devouring graves,
Plain remedies, at firſt, were valu'd moſt,
The drugs were few, and moderate the coſt;
The ſick were cured without a *gilded pill*,
A ſovereign *bolus*, or a *pompous bill*.
As *vice* increas'd, ſo *phyſick* by degrees,
Increas'd it's empire, and increas'd it's fees.
SYDENHAM firſt made the way to practice plain,
Taught by no idle fictions of the brain;
Sydenham the old, the ſimple way renew'd,
Nor ſtudied what was *great*, but what was *good*.
He reſcu'd phyſick from it's uſeleſs load,
And pointed out a more ſucceſsful road.
The ſcene ſtill brightens each revolving year;
And lo! freſh wonders to our view appear;
Lo! *medicine* ſhines with *new abſorbent rays*,
The welcome *omen* of *propitious days*.
Great ſouls blaze out, with their own native light,
Tho' fortune frown, and envy wrecks her ſpight.
YOU leave the beaten circle of the ſchools,
And the dull round of *antiquated rules*:
On *obvious facts* your *principles depend*,
All to ſupport our tottering fabrick tend;
While by *juſt conſequence*, from theſe you draw
Some *fundamental truth* and *uſeful law*,
To guard man's feeble frame from fell diſeaſe:
Or, when we ſink with pain, to give us eaſe:
To every ail aſcribe it's proper cauſe,
For Nature's govern'd by *abſorbent laws*.
MEDICINE from hence ſhall boaſt of ſure ſucceſs,
Nor patients long remain without redreſs,
But raiſe from ſcenes of death, their drooping heads,
And, fluſht with ſudden life, forſake their beds;
For this ſhall future ages ſound your *fame*,
And diſtant climates echo with *your name*.